Throw the Walls into the Fireplace

Rating:	<u>General Audiences</u>
Archive Warning:	<u>No Archive Warnings Apply</u>
Category:	<u>Gen</u>
Fandoms:	<u>Dream SMP</u>, <u>Minecraft (Video Game)</u>
Relationships:	<u>Technoblade & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</u>, <u>TommyInnit & Technoblade & Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)</u>
Characters:	<u>TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</u>, <u>Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF)</u>, <u>Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)</u>
Additional Tags:	<u>Fluff</u>, <u>Light Angst</u>, <u>Happy Ending</u>, <u>hibernation</u>, <u>Piglin Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF)</u>, <u>Technoblade and TommyInnit are Siblings (Video Blogging RPF)</u>, <u>Good Sibling TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</u>, <u>Not Canon Compliant</u>, <u>Not Beta Read</u>, <u>Protective TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</u>, <u>Acts of service is this Tommy's love language</u>, <u>Mentioned Clay	Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</u>, <u>Niki Wilbur & Tubbo all also get mentioned but it's blink and you miss it</u>, <u>Platonic Cuddling</u>, <u>TommyInnit-centric (Video Blogging RPF)</u>, <u>Exiled TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</u>, <u>Comfort</u>, <u>Hurt/Comfort</u>, <u>TommyInnit Sews (Video Blogging RPF)</u>, <u>Mentioned Alexis	Quackity</u>, <u>Good Parent Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)</u>, <u>Phil Watson is Wilbur Soot and Technoblade and TommyInnit's Parent</u>
Language:	English
Collections:	<u>Completed stories I've read</u>, <u>Comfort fics :D</u>, <u>i feel as though i have seen god</u>, <u>Non-Human MCYT</u>, <u>good soup</u>, <u>wow i really am reading mc fanfiction😍😍</u>, <u>Dsmp fics I re-read obsessively</u>, <u>MCYT fics that make me smile like an idiot</u>, <u>HappyorNormalSbi</u>, <u>the reason i'm an insomniac</u>, <u>✧*｡ fics so perfect that they change the definition of perfection (ⓢˊ◡ˋⓢ) ✧*｡</u>, <u>SBI Fics (mostly Techno-centric)</u>, <u>sbi fics <3</u>, <u>one-shots</u>, <u>mcytbrainrot</u>, <u>gimme the brother bond</u>, <u>tommyinnit pipeline</u>, <u>Found family to make me feel something</u>, <u>phoenix's mcyt fics <3</u>, <u>Purrsonal Picks</u>, <u>Dream smp fics to feed my insomnia</u>, <u>Pawsitively Awesome Dream SMP Books</u>, <u>Fanfics I'd eat again at 3 am and already have</u>, <u>BYE THIS IS SO CUTE</u>, <u>beautiful works that made me cry</u>, <u>the best works i've ever read</u>, <u>fanfics I read to feel better (mostly SBI/Crimeboys and typically Tommy-centric)</u>, <u>Angsty/Fluffy MCYT works</u>, <u>Dsmp fics</u>, <u>The Awesome Fics Bookshelf</u>, <u>(Mainly) SBI centric fics that I actually enjoyed (very pog)</u>, <u>Hybrid hijinks and animal instincts</u>, <u>Annies Collective</u>, <u>Kit's Favourite MCYT Fics</u>, <u>Best Hurt/Comfort SBI Fics</u>, <u>you're never escaping me /pos</u>, <u>I liked these fics and I finished them</u>, <u>Cuddly Fluffy Stories</u>, <u>Fics I enjoy</u>, <u>dsmp fics that have kept me alive 💋🥳🤗</u>, <u>hixpatch's all time favorites</u>, <u>Dream SMP. ft. Techno&Tommy</u>, <u>Comfort Fics I always find myself coming back to</u>,

DSB(DreamSmpBooks), plantie's favs, TheseBitchesLiveRentFreeRENTFREE, Bedrock Bros Fics That Just Need To Be In One Place, Finished Favs, SBI timee, Fanfiction Masterpieces, fics that make me feel good, DreamSMPFics, Good fluff, beautifully written storiess, minecraft mechanics, Probably definitely mostly found family because mine sucks, c tommy im so sorry u deserve so much better, LynnX's Blockperson Hoard, Fics I can and will read again, fics that make creative brain go brr, fanfiction I ate, SBI but I'm ✨M e n t a l l y I l l✨, TommyInnit_Bookmarks, Mcyt(mostly SBI) fics that I adore, MMR, bee's fics for ariel, Sk1tats, fics that keep me up at 3am on a school night, Bedrock bro fics that I like :), EVERYTHING I'VE READ AND LIKED IN MYCT (MAINLY SBI)

Stats:

Published: 2022-01-09 Completed: 2022-05-03 Words: 7,529 Chapters: 2/2

Throw the Walls into the Fireplace

by [lockergirl](#)

Summary

Tommy wasn't sure what he had been anticipating when he broke into Techno's house. Maybe he was expecting his brother to kill him on sight, lodging a crossbow arrow straight between his eyes. Maybe he was expecting to be dragged back to exile, cursing and screaming the whole way. Mostly, he was just hoping that Techno wouldn't be home. Tommy had a half-baked plan to hide out in the piglin's basement, squirreling away gapples and supplies until he could figure out something better.

He hadn't even considered that Techno could be hibernating.

Or: Tommy has just escaped exile. What better place to hide than the house of his hibernating older brother?

Notes

This one-shot was inspired the fic above! It's a very quick read, and I encourage you to check it out.

- Inspired by [heavy is the head](#) by [Odaigahara](#)

Chapter 1

Tommy wasn't sure what he had been anticipating when he broke into Techno's house. Maybe he was expecting his brother to kill him on sight, lodging a crossbow arrow straight between his eyes. Maybe he was expecting to be dragged back to exile, cursing and screaming the whole way. Mostly, he was just hoping that Techno wouldn't be home. Tommy had a half-baked plan to hide out in the piglin's basement, squirreling away gapples and supplies until he could figure out something better.

He hadn't even considered that Techno could be hibernating.

Tommy stood shivering in the bedroom doorway, watching his brother's chest rise and fall slowly. It was extremely anticlimactic. Tommy had escaped from exile covered in burns and bruises, hiked miles through the freezing snow, just to find Techno taking an extended nap. Cool. It's not like he had almost died on the trip here or anything.

Honestly, this was the best-case scenario. Techno would be out cold for the next several months, and as long as Tommy could avoid whoever was coming to check in on him, he'd have free reign of the house. Stealing some of Techno's food would be insultingly easy, and no one would ever think to look for him here.

Just as Tommy was about to leave the room, he noticed a slip of paper on Techno's dresser. Recognizing the familiar handwriting, he snatched it and read it immediately.

Techno—

Went out on a bit of a trip. Should be back by spring, but if not, please message me on your comm as soon as you wake up. I'll bring you back a present.

All my love, Phil

Tommy felt a pang of something ugly in his chest. Phil hadn't even *responded* to any of the countless letters he sent from Logstedshire, but here was a note to Techno, practically begging the man for contact the second he was conscious. Phil wanted to make sure Techno was safe. He wanted to give him a present, a sign that he was thinking of his son even when they were apart.

Tommy didn't get any of that. He hadn't even seen their father since… since Wilbur—

Tommy didn't want to think about it.

But as the jealousy slipped away, he realized the second meaning of the note. Phil was *gone* , and in doing so, he had left Techno *alone* .

Tommy didn't remember many details about Techno's hibernations. He knew the piglin needed to be warm the entire time to simulate the Nether, and that he'd be intensely in his instincts if he was to wake up, but the rest was a bit fuzzy.

When they were kids, Tommy had found the hibernations insufferably boring. He hated the long stretches where he lost his older brother to sleep. Techno should have been sparring or reading his old, dusty books! Seeing him asleep and vacant for so long had always felt wrong.

Phil had told Tommy once that piglins were most vulnerable when they hibernated. He explained that it was the easiest time for predators or enemies to find them and do them in. In hindsight, it had probably been a mistake to tell Tommy this. Panicked out of his young mind, the kid spent the next few days absolutely glued to Techno's side, mimicking his brother's growl whenever anyone so much as dared to open the bedroom door.

Phil had put his foot down when Tommy stole a steak knife from the kitchen.

"You can't keep a knife in bed with you, Tommy."

"But Tech's not safe! I'm guardin' him."

"That knife is not helping Techno's safety, mate. Look, he's plenty guarded, alright? Your brother's got me, you, and *Wilbur looking out for him."*

"But you guys are downstairs!"

Tommy had only been tempted out of Techno's room with promises of lunch and cookies. He needed to be strong and well-fed, after all, if he was going to defend his brother.

But now Techno was defenseless! Phil had left him alone for the entire winter, exposed to any number of vengeful enemies or wild predators! And Prime knew that Techno and the Arctic had plenty of both.

Tommy couldn't let this stand. Someone had to stay with Techno while he was asleep, all else be damned.

He could guard his brother, keep the cabin clean, and be long gone by spring. Techno would never even know he was here.

Nodding resolutely to himself, Tommy walked over to the fireplace, stoking the flames. It was far too cold in here. That would be his first mission.

The first few days were exhausting. There was some firewood stacked against the wall outside Techno's room, but it wasn't near enough by Tommy's standards. He'd have to get more. Hopefully no one would mind if he borrowed an axe.

Between his endless quests for kindling, Tommy did his best to make Techno's cabin as hibernation-friendly as possible. He patched up drafty cracks in the walls and windows, cleaned the soot from all the fireplaces, and draped every blanket he could find over Techno's sleeping form. It filled him with an immense satisfaction, knowing that his brother was comfortable and well taken care of. It was more than worth the blisters on his hands and the ache in his back.

The work was also a good distraction. Tommy would go hours at a time without even thinking about Dream or exile, too focused on whatever task was in front of him.

"Phil was a real wrong'un, leaving you here alone," Tommy huffed, throwing more wood into the bedroom fireplace. Techno didn't respond, but it still felt nice to talk. It wasn't like people usually listened to Tommy anyway. "I mean, disowning me, that I can understand, but leaving you like this? If I ever see him again, I'll give him a real piece of my mind."

At the end of every day, after Tommy was confident that Techno's room was warm enough to rival the Nether, he'd lay down on the living room couch to sleep. It didn't feel right taking the guest room, which was clearly built for Phil, and sleeping beside Techno was an even worse option. The man's bed was huge and warm, but Tommy knew he wasn't welcome. If he was being honest with himself, he shouldn't even be in the house at all.

The living room was cold. Tommy spared only a bit of firewood for himself, knowing how important it was to keep Techno's hibernation space Nether-hot. He couldn't risk his brother getting cold, his breath staggering and his heartbeat slowing—

Anyway, Tommy was fine. He wasn't a piglin. He didn't need to be as warm as Techno. Sure, his meager flames would burn out halfway through the night and the blankets he chose were old and poorly patched, but he was fine. He'd had worse nights in exile. He could survive a bit of shivering as he drifted off.

Techno, however, did not deserve such a fate. Once the obvious issues with the house were fixed, Tommy started collecting as much scrap fabric as he could find, scavenging everything from old horse blankets and torn pants to one or two of his own blankets.

With care, Tommy took these scraps and cut them into little squares, embroidering them with birds and flowers. When that got boring, the designs quickly took the form of cool wolves and gleaming swords. It was more Techno's style, anyway.

Once satisfied with his embellishments, Tommy began sewing the pieces together, linking them into a patchwork quilt. He had found plenty of sheep's wool in one of Techno's storage chests, and once cleaned, it made the perfect stuffing for each segment of the quilts.

Tommy loved the job. It was relaxing and repetitive, but also forced him to be a bit creative. Back when he and Wilbur had been fighting for L'Manberg, Tommy had been in charge of all sewing needs, patching up ripped elbows and embroidering their uniforms. He had never

been able to stop himself from adding extra details. A small bee on Tubbo's shirt cuff. A line of hearts on Niki's jacket. The L'Manberg flag on Wilbur's hat.

It had been a long time since he had been able to put that specific talent to use. And now, in the corner of Techno's bedroom, propped up against the warmth of the fireplace, Tommy felt at ease for the first time since those early days.

Well, almost. It wasn't quite perfect. Every time Techno shifted, Tommy tensed, sure that he was about to be thrown out of the cabin into the snow. Every time the house creaked, he was convinced that Dream had finally found him, ready to drag him back to exile and maybe slit Techno's sleeping throat for good measure.

Without fail, Tommy would panic, gasping rapidly until he could bring himself to match Techno's gentle breaths. Then he'd sit by his brother's bedside, sword in hand, staring intently at the door. He felt like a little kid again, ready to growl at whoever dared to step through it.

Anyway, the quilts were coming together nicely.

Tommy was bouncing between a few quilting projects at once, unable to focus his work on just one. Because of that, it took almost a full week of effort to finish the first one, all red and pink and covered in constellations.

Eagerly, Tommy ran over to lay it on Techno's pile of blankets, looking his at his brother's resting face—

Oh. That was no good.

After what must have been a few weeks of sleeping, Techno's pink hair was a certified rat's nest. The tangles and ruffled bits made Tommy want to squirm. Techno had always prided himself on his long, pink hair, proof of his piglin heritage and role as a warrior. To see it so loose and messy was wrong.

Tommy would have to do something about that.

When they were kids, Phil was in charge of Techno's hair during hibernation, braiding it every few days so it wouldn't get tangled up in his son's face. Tommy would watch from the sidelines, usually with a jealous pout. Phil always thought he was a bit too rowdy to help with the gentler sides of hibernation, even if Tommy *really* wanted to feel Techno's soft hair.

He'd have to be better, now.

Grabbing a brush from Techno's dresser, Tommy nudged his brother over, granting him better access to the task at hand.

Tommy took a deep breath. He needed to be careful.

Holding Techno's hair as gently as he could, Tommy slowly worked his way through every knot, straightening and flattening the seemingly endless sea of waves.

After what felt like hours, Techno's hair was finally completely brushed through. Not yet content with the job, Tommy tied the strands into two neat braids, loose enough to not pull at Techno's scalp while he slept but tight enough to hold strong for at least a day or two.

There. That was better.

Some part of Tommy wished that Techno would wake up, would thank him for his work, would offer to braid Tommy's hair in return. He could remember the years-old feeling of his brother's fingers against his scalp, pulling his comparably short curls into something *more*. He wanted to feel that again.

But it was a useless wish. Techno was sleeping, and Tommy would be long gone before the man had the chance to wake up and hate him again.

With that thought, Tommy returned to the cold couch downstairs and fell asleep, unable to stomach the thought of dinner.

It had been snowing for three days straight, and Tommy was getting worried. The last few weeks had been mild, making it easy to step outside, but with the snow piling up against the doors and windows, Tommy hadn't been able to go out and gather firewood in days. Instead, he had been forced to ration what he had to keep Techno warm.

But now it was night, and Tommy was alone on the first floor. He couldn't stop himself from shivering, but the thought of stealing one of Techno's blankets made him want to die. He was already stealing food from his brother's basement and shelter from his brother's roof. He was enough of a burden as is. He didn't deserve to steal Techno's warmth, too.

The grandfather clock in the corner chimed midnight. Tommy hadn't gotten any sleep yet, but that was fine. It meant he was awake to hear the time. He needed to add more wood to Techno's fire.

Tommy almost collapsed onto his knees as the heat of the bedroom washed over him. He wanted to curl up by the fire like a dog and let sleep seize him.

He shook his head harshly, trying to get rid of those thoughts. No. Once he was done with the fireplace, he was going back downstairs. This was Techno's space. He had no right to intrude.

Tommy made quick work of the fire, refusing to let the warmth seep the tension from his shoulders. Wiping his sooty hands on his pants, he stood up, and—

The bed looked so warm. Despite Techno's massive size, the man was hardly taking up a third of it, several pillows and blankets strewn to the side.

Tommy hesitated. Surely, one night wouldn't be *that* bad, would it? Tommy could keep on the far side of the bed, and then he'd shovel himself out tomorrow morning to get more wood.

Techno would never even know he had been there.

Cautiously, Tommy stepped towards the bed, lowering himself into it. Lightly, he pulled a single blanket towards himself, borrowing a pillow that Techno had knocked onto the floor. Then, warmer than he had felt all night, Tommy let himself melt into sheets.

His relaxation didn't last long. Almost immediately, Techno started shifting in his sleep, rolling in Tommy's direction. Tommy hardly dared to move, scared that a single jolt would open Techno's eyes and unleash his anger. So he stayed still, even as his brother reached out and pulled him close.

Suddenly, Tommy was resting against Techno's chest, shielded under the countless layers of covers. The piglin was practically radiating heat, warmer than the blankets or the fireplace. It was wonderful. This close, Tommy could feel his brother's stable breathing, interrupted by a single content snort. With Techno's arms now around him, Tommy didn't pull back. He wasn't sure he could, even if he wanted to.

It was just like when they were kids, Tommy realized. His eyes started tearing up. During hibernation, Tommy would sneak into Techno's bed late at night, and the sleeping boy would pull him close without even waking. Sometimes, when he felt lonely, Tommy would talk to Techno, recounting his day to deaf ears. Other times he'd simply close his eyes, nuzzling into his brother's chest.

Tommy could barely remember the last time touch hadn't hurt. Even the encouraging pats from Dream bruised as often as they comforted, a testament to Tommy's weakness. No one had held him in months. Dream had tackled him, once, when he tried to run away from a punishment, but that hardly counted.

But this… there was nothing but love and care in Techno's gentle grip. For the first time in a long time, Tommy felt wanted, even if it was just as a pillow against his older brother's chest. In the flickering dimness, he could almost fool himself into feeling treasured.

He was invading Techno's space, but it wasn't like he could *do* anything about it. Techno wasn't letting go, and Tommy couldn't risk waking him.

It was so, so warm, and Tommy was so, so tired. He didn't have any fight or cleverness left in him.

So, despite the lingering dread in the back of his mind, Tommy burrowed in Techno's hold, falling asleep at last.

Tommy quickly fell into a new rhythm. He still spent his days chopping firewood and tending to the house, rebraiding Techno's hair whenever it got messy. Now that he'd made quite a few quilts, he was moving onto pillows and pillowcases, cutting up old sheets and

tablecloths. Techno's bed was quickly looking more like a nest or a den than a mattress, and it made Tommy feel good. It made him feel like a provider.

That was all the same. What had changed, quite suddenly, was Tommy's sleeping routine. He no longer slept alone on the first floor. In fact, he rarely bothered to light the living room fireplace at all. Instead, when the sun set, Tommy would wriggle his way into Techno's bed, waiting for his brother to pull him close. Only then would he fall asleep.

It was selfish, sure, but Tommy had always been good at rationalizing things. His presence made the bed warmer, after all. They were sharing body heat. It was the most efficient way to keep Techno's hibernation comfortable. It was also safer. If anything was to attack Techno in the night, Tommy was already there, ready to grab his sword.

Secretly, as self-centered as it sounded, Tommy also noticed that having another person in bed made Techno happier. Normally, during hibernation, the piglin's face was blank, but there'd be a twinge of fondness across his lips whenever he was holding his little brother. Tommy wished he knew what Techno was dreaming of in those moments.

It was always a bit difficult to get loose in the morning, but that was fine. Tommy was a master escape artist.

With all the time he spent in Techno's room, it was getting harder for Tommy to ignore the note from Phil, still strewn on the dresser. These days, it felt like every time he passed it, his eyes got caught on the scratchy handwriting and heartfelt words, searching for some hidden message.

"All my love." How long had it been since someone had told Tommy that they loved him? Maybe Wilbur had said it offhandedly in Pogtopia, but Tommy doubted it. And here Techno got that affection so easily, written without reservation by their father. Maybe Techno was just more lovable. Maybe that was why Tommy was the only one who had been abandoned.

Such thoughts were somehow worse than remembering Dream. At least Dream had always been a bastard. Tommy's family had loved him once, and he had squandered it.

Still, he didn't hide the note away. It was all he had of his father, and he couldn't risk losing it. Techno would want to read it when he woke up.

That was another problem. Spring was approaching rapidly. By his predictions, Tommy still had another good month until Techno stirred, but he wasn't sure how close he was willing to risk it.

What would he even do when he left the cabin? Tommy couldn't go back to Logstedshire. Dream would probably kill him, if he wasn't already hunting him down. Tubbo had exiled him. Phil had disowned him. Was there anyone else in the world who even cared about him anymore?

The grass was beginning to peek through the snow. Tommy was running out of time.

He'd leave tomorrow. Hopefully Techno wouldn't be too mad if he stole some more food and iron tools for the road.

Tommy settled into bed, letting Techno pull him close for the final time. He screwed his eyes shut, trying not to cry. He'd be cold tomorrow night, so he needed to savor this warmth while he still could.

Techno would be okay, at least. Tommy had nearly doubled the amount of firewood stacked outside the room, and by this point the bed was overflowing with pillows, quilts, and blankets. The piglin would never even notice the lost heat once Tommy left his bed in the morning.

It took longer than normal for Tommy to fall asleep, unwilling to waste these final moments. But as it always did, sleep crept up on him, pulling him into a dreamless slumber.

In exile, Tommy had always woken up suddenly. Whether it was a gust of wind ripping through his tent, a mob stumbling too close for comfort, or Dream yelling his name, he only had a few seconds to react before things got bad.

That was one of the weird things about Techno's cabin. He could wake up slowly, on his own schedule. That was also why, when Tommy was jolted awake by a sudden *thud* in the corner of the room, he was so confused.

It only took Tommy a few seconds of consciousness to realize what was wrong. Techno wasn't in the bed. He wasn't in the bed and he was supposed to be hibernating so he was vulnerable and Tommy was supposed to be protecting him but he couldn't protect him if he didn't know where Techno *was—*

"Woah, woah," a low voice said, heavy footsteps quickly making their way towards Tommy, "I just dropped some wood, it's alright."

Technoblade stood above the bed, looking down with a worried expression. Tommy nearly choked on his breath.

Rubbing one of his eyes, Techno lowered himself back under the blankets, throwing his arm over Tommy. He pulled away slightly when Tommy flinched back from the touch.

"Theseus?" Techno said quietly, "Are you okay?"

"You're—" Tommy started, unsure what to say. "You're awake."

Techno hummed, eyes drooping shut. "Fire was getting low. Go back to sleep."

"But you know I'm *here,* " Tommy said, incredulous.

Techno's eyes peeked back open. "Tommy," he said, voice flat, "You've been here all winter. Nothing's changed."

Tommy's mind sputtered to a stop. Techno… had known he was here—

"Thank you, by the way," Techno muttered, voice already tinged with sleep, "for the blankets and the fire. I usually have to wake up every day to stoke it."

"But you're hibernating," Tommy whispered, "You shouldn't be getting out of bed."

"I haven't really, thanks to you," Techno said, opening his eyes slightly. He rested his hand in Tommy's hair, rubbing circles into the side of the boy's head. "You've been doing a really good job. I only have to get up, like, once a week to use the bathroom and eat a gapple."

Tommy didn't know what to say.

"Phil left you a note," he settled on eventually, gesturing towards the dresser, "He wants you to message him when you're awake."

Techno just hummed again. "That can wait," he mumbled, pulling Tommy closer under his mountain of quilts. "I'm a bit busy right now."

Tommy blinked. He could tell the sun was rising through the cracks in the curtains.

He was supposed to leave today.

"Techno?" Tommy whispered. He hadn't had a real conversation with anyone in months. For someone so used to talking, it felt weird to finally get a response.

Techno grunted, repositioning his head on the pillow. "Yes, Theseus?"

"Can I stay here?"

There was a pause, and in that moment, Tommy regretted his words so deeply. He couldn't just leave in peace. He had to ask, had to be rejected, had to face the fact that his brother didn't want him—

"Well, I'm not letting you out of bed for the next few hours, at least," Techno said, pulling Tommy a little tighter. "You're still growing. You need a lot of rest."

Tommy's breath hitched. "And— And after that?"

There was another pause before Techno opened his eyes. "You can stay as long as you want, kid."

Tommy could barely dare to hope. "Even when it's spring?"

"Toms," Techno said firmly, "You could stay forever."

Oh. Tommy was overwhelmed. Techno wasn't mad at him for intruding. He didn't have to leave.

Tommy wouldn't have been able to hide the smile on his face if he tried. "Oh," he said weakly, "Pog."

Techno snorted. "Go to sleep. I'll message Phil later. He'll be so happy to see you again."

And— Oh *boy.* There was no way Tommy could process that sentence right now, so he pocketed it away for later. One life-changing revelation at a time, that's what Tommy always said.

"Thank you," he whispered, closing his eyes.

"No need," Techno sighed, bumping his forehead gently against Tommy's. "Now sleep. I love you, kid, but it's too early for this."

Tommy smiled. He had never felt so warm.

"I love you too."

Chapter End Notes

This doesn't line up with the DSMP timeline or lore at all and you know what? Good for me.

I didn't explicitly add this into the story, but don't worry: Phil didn't abandon Techno. In my mind, only little kids need someone to watch over them during hibernation. Techno is an adult who can fend for himself. Tommy just didn't realize that lol. EDIT: Fellow AO3 user holz suggested that the reason Phil is gone is because he's out looking for Tommy. I love that idea so much that I'm making it canon to this fic. Phil is a good (if deeply misguided) dad confirmed.

Title is from the song "Fireplace" by REM! I hope you all enjoyed.

BONUS CHAPTER

Chapter Notes

Hello! This chapter was never supposed to exist! However, in honor of reaching 1000 subscribers on AO3, I let you guys <u>vote to decide which of my one-shots would get another chapter.</u> This story won by a pretty good margin, so I rattled my brain around a bit to give you guys this!

It's not a part two so much as a bonus chapter. I hope you enjoy it!

Phil was not young. He knew what it meant to lose things. He had watched the centuries creep past, running their nails against everything he held dear, slowly chipping away at the world. At this point, Phil knew Death intimately. He knew she could be kind. Could be generous. Could be cruel, even as she handled souls so gently.

Phil had witnessed countless people die, had stood in front of endless tombstones. He knew what it meant to lose a friend.

Losing family, however, was new.

On some level, Phil knew that he had once had parents. Some mornings, he could almost remember a mother, could feel her soft hands in his hair and her careful lips against his forehead. Some evenings, he could just barely recall a father, could hear his booming laugh and his long-suffering sighs.

But both of them were gone, and Phil had a hard time caring about half-memories. In some ways, it felt as though he hadn't lost them at all. He certainly didn't miss them.

He missed Wilbur.

Wilbur, who had been such a sick little baby, constantly pressed against his father's chest. Wilbur, who had learned to speak and then never stopped, always ready with a quip or song. Wilbur, who had been Phil's eldest child. Wilbur, who was dead.

A year ago, Phil had had three sons, plain and simple. Now, he hesitated when he thought about the number. Ghosts and ignored calls tended to complicate things.

Tommy didn't want to see Phil. Dream had told him that in no uncertain terms, and the lack of communication made it even more clear. For a while, Phil tried to respect that choice, filling his days with useless hobbies and projects in a desperate attempt to not think about his youngest.

For a while, it had worked. Living with his middle child, Techno, was nice. Relaxing, even. For the first time in years, Phil allowed himself to wake slowly. He savored the conversations over dinner and the gentle evenings by the fireplace. He loved Techno. Loved the comfortable life that the two of them were building together.

Then Techno began to hibernate, and all at once, Phil was unable to ignore his son's missing brothers. The man had spent a single, horrible week pacing the narrow hallways and cramped rooms of Techno's cabin before leaving a note and setting out to find Tommy. If the kid hated him, so be it. Phil was willing to sacrifice a bit of pride if it meant confirming that his boy was safe.

After searching a few other places, he had stepped into L'Manberg, questions about Tommy already on his tongue. Instead of answers, he got chains around his wrists.

According to Quackity, Phil was dangerous. He was sympathetic to both Techno and Tommy, two of the biggest threats to the floundering country. Keeping Phil locked up, wings tied and cuffs on, was the obvious solution.

Phil was tempted to rip their throats out.

Slowly, that anger was replaced with horror. As the months crept on and Quackery's interrogations became more direct, Phil realized what was happening.

They were looking for Techno. Vulnerable, hibernating Techno, who wouldn't even be awake to fight back. They could slit the piglin's throat in his sleep, leaving him to bleed out like a slaughtered animal. Phil would lose another son.

The realization left him desperate, constantly peering off his balcony, day after day, eyes darting frantically between the city's gates.

But Techno never appeared, either in chains or in a coffin. No part of him was displayed as a trophy. No rumors of his death reached Phil's ears. More to the point, Quackity never showed up to gloat. The man still overwhelmed Phil with questions, growing increasingly frustrated as he kept his mouth shut.

It was agonizing, but it was a terrible relief to see Quackity so angry. If the man had shown up smiling, it would have meant that Techno was dead.

And then, one day, Dream appeared on Phil's doorstep, unprompted and uninvited. All he brought with him was a tattered bandana and heavy news.

Phil hadn't forgotten about Tommy. He thought of the boy constantly, praying for him every night to Lady Death, but in those past few weeks, Phil had been so worried about Techno, so focused on his middle son, that his concern for Tommy had become more habit than practice.

Tommy had been a clingy child, constantly hanging onto his father's robe and trailing behind his brothers. As a toddler, would try to follow Wilbur and Techno to school almost every day, heartbroken at the idea of being left behind for even a moment. The idea that he had died

alone, completely isolated with no one to comfort him, was too terrible for Phil to fully comprehend. It made him want to keel over and follow wherever Tommy had gone.

But he hadn't. Phil had grieved and sobbed and bided his time, and now, months later, he had escaped. Winter was ending, and as Phil sprinted through the forest, wings too weak and injured to fly, he did his best not to step on any of the small sprouts of green that were beginning to peek through the last traces of snow.

Wilbur was dead. Tommy was dead. Those were facts. But maybe, if Phil was lucky, Techno would still be alive, peaceful and just barely waking alongside the spring.

It wasn't easy to find the cabin. Both Phil's communicator and his compass has been destroyed during his arrest, an unfortunate side effect of being thrown to the ground too harshly. All Phil had to go on was memory and instinct, a less-than-ideal pair considering how remote Techno's cabin was.

After what felt like an infinite amount running and backtracking, desperate to make sure he wasn't being followed, Phil finally made it to his remaining son's cabin. It had taken him nearly a full 24 hours, and the sun was just beginning to peak over the treetops.

There was smoke rising from the chimney. Phil nearly started crying right then and there.

The house was warm, and got even warmer as Phil rushed towards Techno's room. That was a good sign, right? Someone had to be keeping it this temperature, and that meant someone in the house was alive.

Phil sprinted down the upstairs hallway, nearly tripping over the carpet in front of Techno's room. He reached for the door when—

His hand froze over the doorknob. What if he opened the door and Techno was dead? What if Quackity *had* found him, and Techno was currently nothing more than a lifeless corpse, already with both his brothers in the afterlife?

The possibility felt realer than it ever had before. As Phil's hand hovered, a mere inch from the truth, he asked himself what he would do if Techno was already gone. Could he survive being the only one left?

Either way, he had to know, didn't he?

Unable to keep his body from shaking, Phil slowly pushed the door open. As his eyes adjusted to the dimly lit room, it took him several seconds to register what he was looking at.

The bed looked closer to a mountain, an absurd number of blankets and pillows taking up every square inch of the already monstrous mattress. Though the fireplace was lit, whatever was on the bed was so closely intwined, so thoroughly curled up and covered by quilts and comforters, that it was almost impossible to make out individual shapes.

Phil blinked again, eyes adjusting a bit more. When he finally recognized what was in front of him, he stopped breathing entirely.

It was his boys, Techno and Tommy. Both of Phil's boys were in front of him, calm and asleep and *breathing*. It was impossible to deny the rise and fall of their chests, the way Techno snored softly and Tommy occasionally shifted to get more comfortable.

Phil fell to his knees, wings sprawled out on the ground, and began to softly weep.

They were both alive. It was more than Phil had ever dared to hope. Everybody had been wrong. Tommy hadn't killed himself. Techno hadn't been found by Quackity or Tubbo. They were alive. They were *alive.* As long as he kept repeating it, kept watching his sons sleep, it would be true. They were here.

After several minutes of tears, Phil pulled himself together enough to get back to his feet, as shaky as a springtime colt. At once, he remembered all the times Tommy had come to his bed as a child, crying from a bad dream or scary bit of thunder. The boy had always been eager to hide under his father's covers, and Phil had been just as willing to hold him close, whispering promises of safety and protection until the two of them fell asleep.

But Phil hadn't protected Tommy. Not well enough, at least. And now it was Phil's turn to stand at the foot of the bed, eyes red and hands shaking.

He wasn't sure how long he stayed there, face wet as he braced himself against the bed frame. What Phil did know was that a short eternity later, Techno blinked his eyes open, stiffening as he noticed a figure standing in his room. The piglin pulled his younger brother a bit closer, shifting to hide the kid from Phil's sight.

"Techno," Phil whispered, voice cracking.

The piglin paused for a moment, then relaxed back into the bed, Tommy still snuggled against his side.

"Phil," he said, voice quiet enough not to wake the teen, "You scared the shit out of me. Next time you break into my room in the middle of the night, knock first, please."

"It's morning."

Techno craned his neck to look at the window. The curtain was pulled tight, but bits of sunlight still peaked around the edges.

"Oh," Techno said, sounding uncharacteristically sheepish, "Okay. Well, regardless, I don't think that Tommy is waking up anytime soon. Do you want to lie down with us?"

Phil did. He wanted that more than anything else in the entire world, but against all reason, he was scared. What if this wasn't real? What if he moved to kiss Tommy's forehead and found that the kid wasn't really there? What if he brushed a strand of hair from Techno's face and found there was no warmth in his son's body?

"Dad?" Techno asked. Now that Phil's eyes had completely adjusted to the room, he could see the concern in his son's expression.

It was enough to send Phil stumbling forward, kicking off his shoes and half-collapsing onto Tommy's side of the bed. The massive thing was easily equal to three twin-sized beds, but as Techno grabbed Phil's cloak to pull him a bit closer, it was clear that neither of them were interested in using most of that extra space.

It was unbelievably warm under all the covers, made even worse by Phil's heavy breathing. After all, he had ran most of the way here, and the sweat on his brow paired poorly with the almost sauna-like warmth of the sheets.

Still, it was hard to care about that when Tommy and Techno were curled up directly in front of him, safer than he had ever dreamed of hoping.

"You look tired," Techno muttered, eyelids a bit heavy, "You should get some sleep."

Phil nodded. Slowly, he reached out to touch Tommy, fingers just barely holding back from grazing the kid's arm.

"He's been here all winter," Techno whispered, brushing a bit of Tommy's hair back, "Stoking the fire, making blankets, all that. Nice and close. Safe."

Phil nodded weakly.

"Sorry I didn't message you about it sooner," Techno said, "I didn't see your note until a few days ago."

Phil shook his head, not taking his eyes off Tommy. The kid was still sleeping soundly, frowning slightly in his sleep as his fingers clung to Techno's shirt.

"I haven't had a communicator in months," Phil whispered, "Quackity accidentally broke it when he was arresting me."

"When he was *what—?"* Techno started, raising his voice, but Phil quickly cut him off with a hush.

"It's not important," Phil said softly. He could recount all the terrible details later. Right now Tommy was sleeping. Phil didn't want to risk waking him.

It was strange. Phil had mourned and wept and grieved over the idea of his youngest lying still, and yet the sight of him sleeping felt so different. Maybe it was the small movements that made all the difference. The steady rise and fall of his chest. The slight frowns and smiles that graced the corners of lips. The occasional twitch or movement of his limbs. Tommy was remarkably still and quiet, sure, but he was so undoubtedly *alive.*

"Dream told me that Tommy had killed himself," Phil confessed, voice so quiet that it could have been missed completely.

Techno frowned. "Well, Dream was wrong, I guess."

Phil nodded. "I guess."

"He's been safe, Phil," Techno said, reaching out to squeeze his father's hand, "I promise."

Phil took a deep breath, squeezing back. "Next time your missing little brother shows up on your doorstep," he whispered, "you're going to tell me before I worry myself into an early grave. I don't care if my communicator's broken. You're going to march down to wherever I am and shout it directly to me."

Techno laughed at that, doing his best to keep the sound quiet. It was a pointless effort. With Tommy pressed so close against the man's chest, it stirred the teen anyway. Within a few moments, Tommy was blinking harshly, trying to make sense of why there were suddenly more people in his bed.

The moment he realized what was happening, his eyes shot open. "Dad!" Tommy gasped.

Tommy looked wonderful, dressed in a shirt that was clearly his brother's. His cheeks were full and his face was well-rested, so undeniably bright that it felt almost wrong to look directly at him. Phil kept staring anyway.

How many times in the past few months had Phil prayed to hear that voice? How many times had he begged the universe to let those eyes to fall upon him again? And now here Tommy was, directly in front of him. Even after his conversation with Techno, it still felt like a miracle.

Phil wanted to say the boy's name back, but he couldn't. His entire body felt frozen in time, as though staying still could keep this moment from passing.

Then, Tommy's gaze shot to the fireplace, eyes growing even wider.

"The fire!" he shouted, breaking the quiet atmosphere of the room. At once, the boy leapt to his knees, ready to scramble off the bed. "It's almost out!"

"Where do you think you're going?" Techno asked, wrapping an arm around Tommy's waist and pulling him back with a cushioned " *oof.*"

Tommy frowned, craning his neck to look at his brother. "The fire needs more wood," he said simply, "I was going to—"

"You're not moving an inch," Techno said, ruffling Tommy's hair before standing up. Several joints cracked, a sign of a night well-rested. "You've been working all winter. I've got it."

Tommy grumbled something as his brother walked over to the fireplace, but the kid made no further protest. Instead, he leaned into his father's chest, resting his head on the mans' arm like a pillow.

Phil's breath caught. Carefully and with no sudden movements, he laid his free hand in his son's hair, too overwhelmed to brush it back or untangle the curls. Then, after a few moments of that, he gave up on self-control entirely and pulled Tommy into a desperate hug. The boy hugged him back without hesitation.

For a minute, that was all. Tommy in Phil's arms, Techno throwing wood into the fireplace. It felt impossible, like some scene from Phil's wildest dreams, but it was as real as the boy who was holding him.

Quietly, Phil began to cry,

"It's been a while," Tommy said, voice not quite casual.

Phil nodded. "Yeah," he whispered, still holding the kid close, "It has been. I'm sorry about that."

"Dream told me that you disowned me and didn't want to see me ever again," Tommy said quietly, eyes purposefully not on his father.

Phil's heart, which already felt sore from all the emotions he was feeling, shattered at Tommy's words. The idea that his son would ever believe something like that, even for a second, made him pull the boy even tighter against his chest. He wasn't sure if he'd ever be able to let go.

"Never," Phil whispered, "I would *never* do something like that to you. You are my son. You will *always* be my son. Tommy, you could burn this entire server to the ground with everyone in it, and I would still love you. There is *nothing* you could do to change that. There is nothing *anyone* could do."

Tommy didn't say anything for a moment, uncharacteristically quiet. Techno was still by the fireplace, jostling some of the logs with the fire poker.

"I missed you," Tommy said, voice weak.

"I missed you, too," Phil said, "I'm sorry I lost you, but I'm here now. I'm going to keep you safe. I promise."

He could tell Tommy about the searching and the grieving later. Right now, as the teen pulled away to smile at his father, this comfortable peace was more than enough.

Techno made his way back to the bed, throwing himself onto the mattress hard enough to make Tommy bounce. The kid yelped, swatting his older brother in the arm as soon as he got his bearings back.

"What the fuck was that?" Tommy asked, looking positively affronted.

"Can't hear you. I'm hibernating," Techno responded, press a pillow over his head and turning away.

"No, no you're not! It's spring, bitch! That means it's time to wake up! Plus, Dad's here! You've got to talk to Dad!"

"Can't," Technos said, voice muffled, "Too busy sleepin'."

Tommy picked up another pillow and whacked Techno on the arm as hard as he could. Phil was surprised it didn't send feathers flying.

Techno removed the pillow covering his face, looking at Tommy with a painfully measured expression.

"Tommy," he said slowly, "Do you want to take that back?"

Tommy looked a little bit nervous now, but the kid was never one to step down from a challenge. "What do I have to take back? *You're* the one being a bitch!"

Without warning, Techno pounced forward, wrapping Tommy in a massive bear hug. The teen shrieked, flapping wildly in a lackluster attempt to escape.

"Dad!" Tommy whined, barely holding back his laughter, "Tell Techno to let me go!"

Phil just smiled. "I'm staying out of this one, mate."

"Yeah, Tommy," Techno said, grinning maniacally, "Just apologize and you'll be a free man."

"I'd rather die!" Tommy said, flailing quite dramatically. For some reason, the sight was enough to make Phil burst out into laughter.

Tommy and Techno were okay. Not only were they alive, but they were cheerful and healthy, well-rested from a winter's worth of hibernation. How could he not be happy?

It took a few minutes, but Tommy eventually broke free, mostly due to the fact that Techno was beginning to yawn. Once he was no longer holding a howling child, the piglin laid back down, eyes already closed.

"No, no," Tommy said, sounding quite serious. He shoved Techno, though the man didn't actually budge. "You have lost your bed privileges. Sit on the ground and think about what you've done."

Techno opened his eyes and balked. "Tommy, this is *my* bed!"

"Not anymore," Tommy said, "I'm giving it to Phil. It's Dad's bed now."

Phil couldn't help but laugh again. "Thank you, Tommy," he said, heart filled with warmth as the boy beamed at him, "But my first decree as owner of the bed is to let Techno sleep."

Techno pumped his fist into the air as Tommy groaned, glaring at Phil with endearing frustration.

"You're a traitor, Dad," the boy grumbled, but instead of pouting any longer, he just laid back down on the mattress, curling a bit closer to his father, "Go to sleep or something. You look like shit."

As harsh as the words were, Phil could hear the deep love in them. He probably really did look like shit, exhausted both from the day and the past few months.

As Techno draped his arms over his father and brother, Phil held Tommy close. Two of his boys were here. Two of his boys were safe. Death, in all her infinite mercy, had not allowed Phil to repeat his mistakes.

"I love you both," he whispered, letting the warmth pull his eyelids closed.

Tommy squirmed slightly, smiling as he got more comfortable. "I love you too, Dad."

Chapter End Notes

I am playing fast and loose with canon and no one can stop me!

I do love the mental image of Tommy being like "Why doesn't my dad love me anymore? :(:(:(:(" and Phil meanwhile looking under every rock in the whole server to find his missing son. Irony always tastes so sweet <3

If you want to vote next time I do a poll like this, follow me on Twitter! Alternatively, if you leave a comment, I will cherish it like my own child.

Works inspired by this one

[Podfic] Throw the Walls into the Fireplace by thatreallyextrakid

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!